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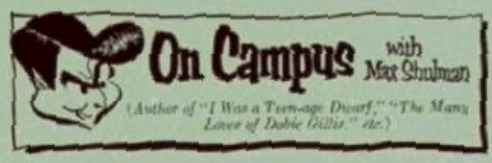

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"HOME SWEET HOMECOMING"

A great number of people have been asking me lately, "What is Homecoming?" but I have been so busy trying to find out why my new sports car leaks that I haven't had time to answer. I am now pleased to report that I finally discovered why my sports car leaks—I have been driving it upside down—and so I am ready today to turn my attention to Homecoming.

Let's begin with definitions. Homecoming is a weekend when old grads return to their alma maters to watch a football game, visit old classrooms and dormitories and inspect each other's bald spots.

The weekend is marked by the singing of old songs, the slapping of old backs and the frequent exchange of such greetings as "Harry, you old polecat!" or "Harry, you old porcupine!" or "Harry, *you old rooster!*" or "Harry, *you old* wombat!" As you can see, all old grads are named Harry.

It is not just old grads who behave with such fiveliness *during Homecoming*; the faculty also comports itself with unaccustomed animation. Teachers laugh and smile and pound backs and keep shouting "Harry, you old Airedale!" This unscholarly behavior is carried on in the hope that old grads, in a transport of *bonhomie* will endow a new geology building.

The old grads, however, are seldom seduced. By game time on Saturday their *backs are so sore, their eyeballs so eroded*, their extremities so frayed, that it is impossible to get a kind word out of them, much less a new geology building.

Even the football game does not *improve their tempers.* "*Humph!*" they snort as the home team completes a 101-yard march to a touchdown. "Do you call that football? Why, back in my day, they'd have been over on the first down! By George, football was football in those days—*not this namby-pamby girls' game* that passes for football today! Take a look at that bench—50 substitutes sitting there. Why, in my day, there were 11 men on a team and that was it. When *you broke a leg, they slapped a piece of* tape on it and you went right back in. Why, I remember the big game against State. Harry Sigsbee, our star quarterback, was killed in the third quarter. *I mean, he was pronounced dead.* But did that stop old Harry? Not on your tintype! Back in he went and kicked the winning drop kick in the last four seconds of play, dead as he was. Back in my day, *they played football, by George!*"

Everything, say the old grads, was better back in their day—everything except one. Even the most unreconstructed *of the old grads has to admit that back* in his day they never had a smoke like Marlboro—never a cigarette with such a lot to like—never a filter so easy drawing, a flavor so mild yet hearty, so abundant, *so bountiful—never a choice of flip-top* box or soft pack.

So old grads, young grads, and undergrads, why don't you settle back and have a full-flavored smoke? Try Marlboro, *the filtered cigarette with the unfiltered taste*, and Homecoming will be a happy occasion and the sun will shine and the air will be filled with the murmur of wings and no man's hand will be raised against you.

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At Homecoming time—or any time—try Marlboro's unfiltered companion cigarette—mild, flavorful Philip Morris . . . Regular size or king size Commander—a brand new and happy experience in smoking! Have a Commander—welcome aboard!

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